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POETRY.

SO FAR,—SO FAR AWAY.

So far away! So far away!
Thy stars are not the stars I see;
With me 'tis night, with thee 'tis day,
And day and night are one to me.
So far,—so far away!

I faint beneath these wandering airs
Whose wings around the world goes free;
I snatch at straws the whirlwind bears—
Touched they the land that blooms for thee
So far,—so far away?

The forms that near me breathe and move
Like visions rise, like visions flee;
I cannot live to other love,
My soul has crossed the deep to thee
So far,—so far away!

Earth's drooping shadows close me round,
The heavens have lost their light for me,
The voice of joy breathes not a sound,
And hope swoons dead on yonder sea
So far,—so far away!

HAROLD,

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

[CONTINUED.]

THE RETURN OF GODWIN AND HAROLD.

And all went well to the desire of Duke William the Norman. With one hand he curbed his proud vassals, and drove back his fierce foes. With the other, he led to the alter Matilda, the maid of Flanders. And England, every day, waxed more and more Norman; and Edward grew more feeble and infirm, and there seemed not a barrier between the Norman duke and the English throne, when suddenly the wind blew in the halls of heaven, and filled the sails of Harold the earl.

And his ships came to the mouth of the Severn. And the people of Somerset and Devon, a mixed and mainly a Celtic race, who bore small love to the Saxons, drew together against him, and he put them to flight, and slew more than thirty good thegns.

Meanwhile, Godwin and his sons, Sweyn, Tostig, and Gurth. who had taken refuge in that very Flanders from which William the duke had won his bride, lay at Bruges, ready to join Harold the Earl. And Edward, advised of this from the anxious Norman, caused forty ships to be equipped, and put them under command of Rolf, earl of Hereford. The ships lay at Sandwich in wait for Godwin. But the old earl got from them and landed quietly on the southern coast. And the fort of Hastings opened to his coming with a shout from its armed men.

All the boatmen, all the mariners, far and near, thronged to him, with sail and with shield, with sword and with oar. All Kent (the foster-mother of the Saxons), sent forth the cry, "Life or death with Earl Godwin." Fast over the length and breadth of the land went the bodes and riders of the earl; and hosts with one voice, answered the cry of the children of Horsa, "Life or death with Earl Godwin." And the ships of King Edward, in dismay, turned flag and prow to London, and the fleet of Harold sailed on. So the old earl met his young son on the deck of a war-ship, that had once borne the Raven of the Dane.

Swelled and gathering sailed the armament of the English men. Slow up the Thames it sailed, and on either shore marched tumultuous the swarming multitude And King Edward sent after more help, but it came up very late. So the fleet of the earl nearly faced the Juillet Keape of London, and abode at Southwark till the flood-tide came up. When he had mustered his host, then came the flood-tide.

King Edward sate, not on his throne, but on a chair of state, in the presence chamber of his palace of Westminister. His diadem, with the three zimmes shaped into a triple trefoil on his brow, his sceptre in his right hand. His royal robe, tight to the throat, with a broad band of gold, flowed to his feet; and at the fold gathered round the left knee, where now the kings of England wear the badge of St. George, was embroidered a simple cross. In that chamber met the thegns and proceres of his realm; but not they alone. No national Witan there assembled, but a council of war, composed at least one third part of Normans—counts, knights, prelates, and abbots of high degree.

And king Edward looked a king? The habitual lethargic meekness had vanished from his face, and the large crown threw a shadow, like a frown, over his brow. His spirit seemed to have risen from the weight it took from the sluggish blood of his father, Ethelred the Unready, and to have remounted to the brighter and earlier source of ancestral heroes.

Worthy in that hour he seemed to boast the blood and wield the sceptre of Athelstan and Alfred.

Thus spoke the king.

"Right worthy and beloved, my earldermen, earls and thegns of England; noble and familiar, my friends and guests, counts and chevaliers of Normandy, hear the words of Edward, the king of England, under grace of the Most High. The rebels are in our river; open yonder lattice, and you will see the piled shields glittering from their barks, and hear the hum of their hosts. Not a bow has yet been drawn, not a sword left its sheath; yet on the opposite side of the river are our fleets of forty sail—along the strand, between our palace and the gates of London are arrayed our armies. And this pause because Godwin the traitor hath demanded truce, and his nuncius waits without. Are ye willing that we should hear the message? or would ye rather that we dismiss the messengers unheard, and pass at once, to rank and to sail, the war-cry of a Christian king, 'Holy Cross and our Lady!'"

The king ceased, his left hand grasping firm the leopard head carved on his throne, and his sceptre untrembling in his lifted hand.

A murmur of *Notre Dame, Notre Dame*, the war-cry of the Normans, was heard among the stranger-knights of the audience; but haughty and arrogant as those strangers were, no one presumed to take precedence, in England's danger, of men English born,

Slowly then rose Alred, Bishop of Winchester, the worthiest prelate in all the land,

"Kingly son," said the bishop, "evil is the strife between men of the same blood and lineage, nor justified but by extremes, which have not yet been made clear to us. And ill would it sound throughout England were it said that the king's council gave, perchance, his city of London to sword and fire, and rent his land in twain, when a word in season might have disbanded yon armies, and given to your throne a submissive subject, where you are now menaced by a formidable rebel. Wherefore, I say, admit the nuncius."

Scarcely had Alred resumed his seat, before Robert the Norman prelate of Canterbury started up—a man, it was said, of worldly learning—and exclaimed—

"To admit the messenger is to approve the treason. I do beseech the king to consult only his own royal heart and royal honor. Reflect—each moment of delay swells their hosts, strengthens their cause; of each moment they avail themselves, to allure to their side the misguided citizens. Delay but proves our own weakness; a king's name is a tower of strength, but only when fortified by a king's authority. Give the signal for—*war* I call it not—no—for chastisement and justice."

"As speaks my brother of Canterbury, so speak I," said William, Bishop of London, another Norman.

But then there rose up a form at whose rising all murmurs were hushed.

Gray and vast, as some image of a gone and mightier age, towered over all Siward the son of Beorn, the great Earl of Northumbria.

"We have naught to do with the Normans. Were they on the river, and our countrymen, Dane or Saxon, alone in in this hall, small doubt of the king's choice, and niddering were the man who spoke of peace—but when Norman advises the dwellers of England to go forth and slay each other, no sword of mine shall be drawn at his best. Who shall say that Siward of the Strong Arm, the grandson of the Berserker, ever turned from a foe? The foe, son of Ethelred, sits in these halls; I fight thy battles when I say Nay to the Norman! Brothers-in-arms of the kindred race and common tongue, Dane and Saxon long intermingled, proud alike of Canute the glorious and Alfred the wise, ye will hear the man whom Godwin, our countryman, sends to us; he at least will speak our tongue, and he knows our laws. If the demand he delivers be just, such as a king should grant, and our Witan should hear, woe to him who refuses; if unjust be the demand, shame to him who accedes. Warrior send to warrior, countryman to countryman; hear we as countrymen, and judge as warriors. I have said."

The utmost excitement and agitation followed the speech of Siward. But the majority being English, there could be no doubt as to the decision, and Edward, to whom the emergence gave both a dignity and presence of mind rare to him, resolved to terminate the dispute at once. He stretched forth his sceptre, and motioning to his chamberlain, bade him introduce the nuncius.

A blank disappointment, not unmixed with apprehensive terror, succeeded the turbulent excitement of the Normans; for well they knew that the consequence, if not condition, of negotiations, would be their own downfall and banishment at the least—happy it might be to escape massacre at the hands of the exasperated multitude.

The door at the other end of the room opened, and the nuncius appeared. He was a sturdy broad-shouldered man, of middle age, and in the long loose garb originally national with the Saxon, though then little in vogue; his beard thick and fair, his eyes gray and calm—a chief of Kent where all the prejudices of his race were strongest, and whose yeomanry claimed in war the hereditary right to be placed in the front of battle.

He made his manly but deferential salutation to the august council as he approached; and pausing midway between the throne and door, he fell on his knees without thought of shame, for the king to whom he knelt was the descendant of Woden, and the heir of Hengist. At a sign and a brief word from the king, still on his knees, Vebba, the Kentman, spoke.

"To Edward, son of Ethelred, his most gracious king and lord, Godwin, son of Wolnoth, sends faithful and humble greeting, by Vebba the thegn-born. He prays the king to hear him in kindness, and judge of him with mercy. Not against the king comes he hither with ships and arms; but against those only who would stand between the kings heart and the subject's; those who have divided a house against itself, and parted son and father, man and wife—"

At those last words Edward's sceptre trembled in his hand, and his face grew almost stern.

"Of the king, Godwin but prays, with all submiss and earnest prayer, to reverse the unrighteous outlawery against him and his—to restore to him and his sons their just possessions and well-won honors; and, more than all, to replace them where they have sought by loving service not unworthily to stand, in the grace of their born lord, and in the van of those who would uphold the laws and liberties of England.

This—done the ships sail back to their haven; the thegn seeks his homestead, and the ceorl returns to the plough; for with Godwin are no strangers; and his force is but the love of his countrymen."

"Hast thou said?" quoth the king.

"I have said."

"Retire and await our answer."

The Thegn of Kent was then led back into an anteroom, until he was again summoned into the presence-chamber. Nor did he return into the ante-room, but conducted forthwith from the council—his brief answer received—to the stairs of the palace, he reached the boat in which he had come, and was rowed back to the ship that held the earl and his sons.

The boat drew up to the lofty side of the vessel, a ladder was lowered, the nuncius ascended lightly and stood on deck. At the farther end grouped the sailors, few in number, and at respectful distance from the earl and his sons.

Godwin was himself but half armed. His head was bare, nor had he other weapon of offense than the gilt battle-ax of the Danes—weapon as much of office as of war; but his broad breast was covered with the ring mail of the time. His stature was lower than that of any of his sons; nor did his form exhibit greater physical strength than that of a man, well shaped, robust, and deep of chest, who still preserved in age the pith and sinew of mature manhood.

English, emphatically, the English deemed him; and this not the less that in his youth he had sided with Canute, and owed his fortunes to that king; and Godwin was the more esteemed as the chosen counselor of that popular prince. Of one dark crime he was suspected, and, despite his oath to the contrary, and the formal acquital of the national council, doubt of his guilt rested then, as it rests still, upon his name; viz., the perfidious surrender of Alfred, Edward's murdered brother.

But time had passed over the dismal tragedy; and there was an instinctive and prophetic feeling throughout the English nation, that with the House of Godwin was identified the cause of the English people.

Behind him stood the statliest group of sons that ever filled with pride a father's eye. Each strikingly distinguished from the other, all remarkable for beauty of countenance and strength of frame.

"So what says the king?" asked Earl Godwin.

"This: he refuses to restore thee and thy sons, or to hear thee, till thou hast disbanded thine army, dismissed thy ships, and consented to clear thyself and thy house before the Witana-gemot."

A fierce laugh broke from Tostig; Sweyn's mournful brow grew darker; Leofwine placed his right hand on his ateghar. Wolnoth rose erect, Gurth kept his eyes on Harold, and Harold's face remained unmoved.

"The king received thee in his council of war," said Godwin, thoughtfully, "and doubtless the Normans were there. Who were the Englishmen most of mark?"

"Siward of Northumbria, thy foe."

"My sons," said the earl, turning to his children, and breathing loud as if a load were off his heart; "there will be no need of ax or armor to-day. Harold alone was wise," and he pointed to the linen tunic of the son thus cited.

"What mean you, Sir Father?" said Tostig imperiously. "Think you to—"

"Peace, son, peace;" said Godwin, without asperity, but with conscious command. "Return brave and dear friend," he said to Vebba, "find out Siward the earl; tell him that I, Godwin, his foe in the old time, place honor and life in his hands, and what he counsels that will we do.—Go."

The Kent man nodded, and regained his boat. Then spoke Harold.

"Father, yonder are the forces of Edward, as yet without leaders, since the chiefs must be still in the halls of the king. Some fiery Norman among them may provoke an encounter; and our cause is not won, as it behoves us to win it, if one drop of English blood dye the sword of one Englishman. Wherefore with your leave I will take boat and land. And unless I have lost in my absence all right here in the hearts of our countrymen, at the first shout from our troops which proclaims that Harold son of Godwin is on the soil of our fathers, half yon array of spears and helms pass at once to our side."

"And if not, my vain brother?" said Tostig, gnawing his lips with envy.

"And if not, I will ride alone into the midst of them, and ask what Englishmen are there who will aim shaft or spear at this breast, never mailed against England!"

Godwin placed his hand on Harold's head, and the tears came to those close cold eyes.

"Thou knowest by nature what I have learned by art. Go and prosper. Be it as thou wilt."

Meanwhile, Harold had entered the boat lowered from the side of the æsca to receive him; and Gurth, looking appealingly to his father, and seeing no sign of dissent, sprang down after the young earl, and seated himself by his side.

Godwin followed the boat with musing eyes.

Harold reached the shore and as soon as landed there rose from the ranks on the strand, the shout of "Harold! Harold the earl! Harold and Holy Cross!" And Godwin, turning his eyes to the king's ranks, saw them agitated, swayed and moving; till suddenly from the very heart of the hostile array, came as by irresistible impulse, the cry—"Harold, our Harold! All hail, the good earl!"

While this chanced without—within the palace, Edward had quitted the presence chamber, and was closeted with Stigand, the Bishop. Never in his whole life had Edward been so stubborn as on this occasion. For here more than his realm was concerned; he was threatened in the peace of his household, and the comfort of his tepid friendships. With the recall of his powerful father-in-law, he foresaw the necessary re-intrusion of his wife upon the charm of his chaste solitude. His favorite Normans would be banished; he should be surrounded with faces he abhorred. All the representations of Stigand fell upon a stern and unyielding spirit, when Siward entered the king's closet.

"Sir, my king," said the great son of Beorn, "I yielded to your kingly will in the council, that before we listened to Godwin, he should disband his men, and submit to the judgment of the Witan. The earl hath sent me to say, that he will put honor and life in my keeping, and abide by my counsel. And I have answered as became the man who will never snare a foe, or betray a trust."

"How hast thou answered?" asked the king.

"That he abide by the law of England, as Dane and

Saxon agreed to abide in the day of Canute; that he and his sons should make no claim for land or lordship, but submit all to the Witan."

"Good," said the king; "and the Witan will condemn him now, as it would have condemned when he shunned to meet it."

"And the Witan *now*," returned the earl, emphatically, "will be free, fair, and just."

"And meanwhile, the troops—"

"Will wait on either side; and if reason fail, then the sword," said Siward.

"This I will not hear," exclaimed Edward; when the tramp of many feet thundered along the passage; the door was flung open, and several captains (Norman as well as Saxon) of the king's troops rushed in, wild, rude, and tumultous.

"The troops desert! half the ranks have thrown down their arms at the very name of Harold!" exclaimed the Earl of Hereford. "Curses on the knaves."

"And the lightsmen of London," cried a Saxon thegn, "are all on his side, and marching already through the gates."

"Pause yet," whispered Stigand; "and who shall say, this hour to-morrow, if Edward or Godwin reign on the throne of Alfred?"

His stern heart moved by the distress of his king, and not the less for the unwonted firmness which Edward displayed, Siward here approached; knelt, and took the king's hand.

"Siward can give no niddering counsel to his king; to save the blood of his subjects is never a king's disgrace. Yield thou to mercy—Godwin to the law!"

"Oh for the cowl and cell!" exclaimed the prince, wringing his hands. "Oh Norman home, why did I leave thee!"

He took the cross from his breast, contemplated it fixedly, prayed silently but with fervor, and his face again became tranquil.

"Go," he said flinging himself on his seat in the exhaustion that follows passion, "go, Siward, go, Stigand, deal with things mundane as ye will."

The bishop, satisfied with the reluctant acquiescence, seized Siward by the arm and withdrew him from the closet. The captains remained a few moments behind, the Saxons silently gazing on the king, the Normans whispering each other, in great doubt and trouble, and darting looks of the bitterest scorn at their feeble benefactor. Then, as with one accord, these last rushed along the corridor; gained the hall where their countrymen yet assembled, and exclaimed, "*A toute bridé! Franc étrier!*—All is lost but life! God for the first man—knife and cord for the last!"

Then as the cry of fire, or as the first crash of an earthquake, dissolves all union, and reduces all emotion into one thought of self-saving, the whole conclave, crowding pell-mell on each other, bustled, jostled, clamored to the door—happy he who could find horse—palfrey—even monk's mule! This way, that way, fled those lordly Normans, those martial abbots, those mitred bishops—some singly, some in pairs; some by tens, and some by scores; but all prudently shunning association with those chiefs whom they had most courted the day before, and who they now knew would be the main mark for revenge; save only two, the Bishop of London and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Both these dignitaries armed *cap-a-pie*, and spear in hand, headed the fight; and good service that day, both as guide and champion, did Mallet de Graville. He led them in a circuit behind both armies, but being intercepted by a new body, coming from the pastures of Hertfordshire to the help of Godwin, he was compelled to take the bold and desperate resort of entering the city gates. These were wide open; whether to admit the Saxon earls, or vomit forth their allies, the Londoners. Through these, up the narrow streets, riding three abreast, dashed the slaughtering fugitives; worthy in flight of their national renown, they trampled down every obstacle. Bodies of men drew up against them at every angle, with the Saxon cry of "Out!—Out" "Down with the outland men!" Through each, spear pierced, and sword clove, the way. Red with gore was the spear of the prelate of London; broken to the hilt was the sword militant in the terrible hand of the Archbishop of Canterbury. So on they rode, so on they slaughtered—gained the Eastern Gate, and passed with but two of their number lost.

The fields once gained, for better precaution they separated. Some few, not quite ignorant of the Saxon tongue, doffed their mail, and crept through forest and fell towards the sea shore; others retained steed and arms, but shunned equally the high roads. The two prelates were among the last; they gained in safety Ness, in Essex, threw themselves into an open, crazy fishing boat, committed themselves to the waves, and, half drowned and half famished, drifted over the Channel to the French shores. Of the rest of the courtly foreigners, some took refuge in the forts yet held by their countrymen; some lay concealed in creeks and caves till they could find or steal boats for their passage. And thus in the year of our Lord, 1052 occurred the notable dispersion and ignominious flight of the counts and vavasours of great William the duke.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CREAM OF THE PAPERS.

THE POLISH PRINCESS.

[From Bow Bells.]

Many a tale of fiction is excelled in its marvellous character by a narrative of real life. This fact is well illustrated by the actual experience of a Polish princess during the earlier days of the French Revolution—that dismal period which was so prolific in facts "stranger than fiction."

The Princess Anna Lubomieski had established herself in Paris a short time before the overthrow of the old monarchy; and, although stormy times were evidently close at hand, and events occurred which prompted many of the French 'noblesse' to seek safety for life and fortune in England and Germany she never dreamt of changing her residence, persuaded that her high rank, and the well-known fact that she was a Russian subject would secure her from being in any way disturbed, so long as she did not meddle with plots or politics.

Robespierre had not long been in power before she learnt to her cost how great a mistake she had made in trusting to such a protection. Denounced under the pretext of being a spy and a conspirator against the Republic, the Princess was summoned to appear before the usual tribunal, was hastily tried after the fashion of the times, and was condemned to die.

When carried to prison to await the execution of the sentence, no member of her family was allowed to accompany her except her daughter Rosalie, a child about five years old. On the sad day on which the poor mother was dragged to the scaffold, she commended her little orphan Rosalie—her only child—to some companions in misfortune whom she had found in the

prison. It so happened that each one of them, within a short period, experienced a fate similar to the tragical end of the Princess; and the poor child, adopted and bequeathed by each victim in turn, at last came into the hands of a washerwoman of the prison, named Bertot, who, though a widow, and with five children of her own dependent upon her for support, was so touched by the forlorn condition of the little Rosalie, that she assumed the care of her herself.

The beauty of Rosalie, her unusual intelligence, considering her years, her gentle temper, her winning ways, and her anxious desire to help her benefactress, quickly gained the heart of the kindly washerwoman, so that she adopted the orphan, and felt for her an affection scarcely less warm than that for her own children.

A few years after the termination of the Reign of Terror, a list of its victims who had belonged to other countries was prepared and published as widely as possible over Europe. The brother of the Princess, the Count Rzewouski, was one day looking somewhat carelessly over this list, when his eye was arrested by the sight of his sister's name; and he then learnt, for the first time, the horrible fate in which her misplaced confidence had involved her.

The Count, of course, instantly started for Paris, to get possession of his niece.

On his arrival in that city, the authorities willingly rendered every assistance in their power to ascertain her whereabouts; but all his and their efforts were utterly fruitless, as all trace of the orphan was lost. Advertisements appeared in all the papers, offering large rewards to any who would give information, but as good Mother Bertot did not see the papers, and probably could not have read them if they had fallen in her way, nothing came of them. Month after month was spent by the Count in these useless endeavors; and at last he reluctantly prepared to return home to Poland.

On the morning of the day fixed for his departure, the Count met a washerwoman and a little girl with a basket of linen, at the entrance of the Hotel Grande Bateliere, at which he lodged. He was so struck with the beauty of the little girl, and with the fancied resemblance, in some respects, to his lost sister, that he stopped to have a few words with her.

It was the hand of a kind Providence, whose ways are so often not like our ways, which arrested him; for this washerwoman and her assistant were no other than the good Mother Bertot and her orphan charge Only a few days before this, Mother Bertot had been engaged as washerwoman of the Hotel Grand Bateliere, whither she was taking some newly-washed linen when the Count so happily met her.

"What is your name, my child?" asked the Count.

"Rosalie, sir," was the answer.

"Rosalie, do you say? is Rosalie really your name?—my good woman?" said the Count, turning to Madame Bertot, "is this your child?"

"Yes, sir," said she, "indeed she is my child, for I have supported her for three years. But, when I call her my child, I do not mean to say that I am actually her mother. No; she is the daughter of a poor lady who was in the prison to which I once belonged, and where I found her. She has neither father nor mother. But misfortune has bound me to her as closely as if we had been glued together."

"Do you say," rejoined the Count, "that she is the child of one who was in prison?"

"Yes, of a great lady who was imprisoned and guillotined, with many others, in the time of Robespierre."

The Count was instantly convinced that he had at last found his niece; but, to make assurance doubly sure, he addressed a few words to her in Polish. The moment that Rosalie heard the words, which recalled the dear remembrance of her infancy, she burst into tears, and throwing herself into the arms of the Count, exclaimed, "Oh, sir, I understand what you say! I understand what you say! Repeat the words again. It is the language in which my dear mother used to talk to me."

"Rosalie! my Rosalie!" said the Count, profoundly affected, and clasping the child in his arms—"I have found you at last. Yes, you are my niece, the daughter of my beloved sister!"

Then addressing the astonished washerwoman, he said, "Good woman! you shall be always her mother. You shall never be parted while you live. As you took the abandoned orphan into your family, and cared for her with a mother's love, your family shall henceforth be part of mine."

The Count was as good as his word. Mother Bertot and her children were at once removed to handsome apartments in the Hotel Grande Bateliere, until the Count was ready to return home. They accompanied him and Rosalie (who subsequently married her cousin, the young Count Rzewouski) to Poland. Madame Bertot's sons were educated at the University of Wilna, entered the army, and were on the staff of Prince Poniatowski. Her daughters also received ample dowries from their grateful friend, and in due time married Polish gentlemen of high social position.

LAVATER AND MIRACLES.

[From History of the Supernatural.]

Lavater issued a circular requesting the friends of truth to send him any well-attested evidence of occurences beyond the ordinary course of nature, or of such as had followed prayer, of some positive exertions of faith; to ascertain, if possible, whether, after the death of the Apostles and their immediate successors, the same class of events had really continued for which we give credit to them and their times; and especially whether no certain proofs existed of such events, commonly called miraculous, having taken place since the Reformation. He declared that it was very important to know whether there were still living any pious conscientious man, who before the omniscient God would declare that he had prayed with undoubting expectation that he should be heard, and was not heard. He declared it as his object to learn whether the Christian of the eighteenth, as well as the Christian of the first, century might attain to immediate and sensible communion with God, and whether he whose sufferings no human power or wisdom could relieve, might have confident recourse to the omnipotent power of Christ. "Can there be," he says, "an enquiry more important to the friend of humanity, who views around him so much dreadful misery; or to the Christian who sees everywhere infidelity, and the empty, powerless and spiritless name of Christianity triumph?" He warned his correspondents to observe the strictest truth in their communications, declaring that no crime could be more impious and detestable than falsehood in such a case.

In consequence of this circular he received a mass of extraordinary relations, which he read and examined with most unwearied patience and care. Many of them he regarded as fully proved, others as by no means so; and so far from exhibiting a weak credulity, he incurred very severe reproaches for rejecting claims which many able men admitted. Such were the claims of a Catherine Kinderknecht, near Zurich, who had a great reputation for performing remarkable cures in answer to prayer, and whom his friend Fuseli, the great painter, afterwards so well known in England, had great faith in, but who was led by Lavater to give up this faith. Neither did he believe in Gassner without visiting him, nor when he had visited him did he rate his powers so high as many others, and they, physicians, did.

In his lifetime we find some incidents occurring to himself or friends which every one learned in such matters will receive as additions to their divine evidences. Whilst he was on a journey, in 1773, to his friend Dr. Hotze at Richterswelle, his wife, though she had received a letter from him the day before, announcing his perfect health and safety, suddenly fell into a severe agony about him, impressed with a vivid sense of his great danger, and prayed energetically for him, though her father regarded her alarm as most unfounded after immediate intelligence of his safety. At that moment Lavater was in a terrific storm on the Lake of Zurich which carried masts and sails away, and made the sailors despair of saving the vessel.

His friend, Professor Sulzer, told him that in his twenty-second year he was suddenly seized with a violent attack of melancholy and terror, and it was impressed on his mind that his future wife was at that moment suffering from some severe accident. He had no thought of marrying, much less any idea who was likely to become his wife. Ten years afterwards, when he was married and had nearly forgotten the circumstance, he learned from his wife, that precisely at that time (when only ten years old), she was nearly killed by a violent fall, from the effects of which she had never entirely recovered.

On one occasion a gentleman called on him, and the moment he saw him he was impressed with the conviction that he was a murderer. The gentleman was, however, a very interesting intellectual man, so far as could be seen; he was well received in Zurich, and Lavater dined with him at a friend's house the next day, where he made himself very agreeable. But news came quickly that he was one of the assassins of the King of Sweden, and he disappeared.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1868.

TESTIMONY OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

A belief in the supernatural has been common in all ages and among all peoples. All men naturally incline to believe in an invisible world, as seen in their tendencies from childhood up, to be awe struck and impressed by tales of encounters with anything of a ghostly character. It is true that by cultivating their reason at the expense of their instinctive powers, men may overrule and crush down this inner voice to a great degree; but even the most sceptical display a curiosity and a yearning for facts connected with another world which shows that in spite of everything their true nature inclines that way.

It is a common saying that dead men tell no tales, and that the grave is a "bourne from whence no traveler returns" to tell the nature of the new sphere upon which he has entered; but this is not so. True, the dead do not return as a general thing to attest their existence after the dissolution of the body, But if all the testimony that the world has had presented to it of the existence of another world by dealings with the dead themselves were collected, there would be far more to establish the fact of our existence after death than men generally require as evidence on other subjects.

Of course the greatest and truest record of the existence of an unseen world is found in the Bible. There we have a record of legal manifestations of the highest order; but there are innumerable instances outside of that book—instances, it is true, in many cases of illegal manifestations, and often apart from any true order; but which no less prove the existence of invisible powers. In addition to which there are many cases of a simpler and more innocent kind—instances of miraculous appearances of departed personages to their families, and friends—and that too where no spiritualism has been practiced, and quite apart from any religious creed, constituting what may be called providential visitations. Such instances as these have been handed down by the moral and virtuous of all ages. A variety of such cases are preserved in nearly every old family in the civilized world. Go to the highlands of Scotland, or to Germany and Switzerland. So numerous are these instances in all our experiences, or in that of our friends, that scarcely a well informed man exists who has not heard of scores of such cases in his lifetime. Amongst Europeans, Asiatics, Africans or Americans it is the same; everywhere we are met with countless instances of persons who declare to having seen the spirits of their departed friends. If we suppose all are mistaken or that all are delusions of the senses even then we have a strong testimony of the universal tendency of mankind to believe in another state of existence.

In addition to the above testimony of a personal kind, all nations, as such, have their traditions of gods, angels and spirits, who have according to their account visited them in past times. Of course the records of what these wondrous beings have done differs as these nations differ in customs and habits. But no matter how grotesque and huge the descriptions of their supernatural visitors may be, there is a common root to all such stories—a kindred character with them all, manifesting that they have sprung from the natural and inborn tendency of mankind to believe in the manifestation of heavenly powers—or from some great facts of the kind similarly impressed upon all nations, or from both combined; only tinged and discolored by the ignorance and peculiarities of the people through whom they have come.

Supposing, what is really true, that many of these national records of spiritual existence refer to manifestations of a perverted kind, they no less prove the fact of an unseen power good or evil operating upon men. Many of these nations had, and could for ages upon ages get at no better light, and it is reasonable to suppose that their reliance on an answer to their prayers would not be universally disregarded by the Almighty.

First in order in the great list of nations of this order we have the Chaldean soothsayers and priests, attesting that for ages, not only by divination or appeals to the dead, but by the more legitimate channel of prayers to the gods answers were obtained and dreams interpreted and prophecies declared.

After these we have the vast millions of devout Egyptian worshippers with their chronicles extending over some thousands of years—a faith of miracles and revelations maintained for ages—a faith that could not have been thus sustained in its fervor for so many generations, but for the actual presence of some such supernatural experiences either from a good or an evil source.

Then come the Greek priests of Jupiter and other deities, and their historians who bear witness to inspirations given in answer to their worship of the only gods they were ever acquainted with. Then the Persians will tell us of miracles and supernatural manifestations accorded through Zoroaster the great religious leader of that ancient nation. The Buddhist of Thibet and Brahmin of India have histories abounding with details of the miraculous. After whom we may glance at the ancient nations of Northern Europe with their mystic rites—their belief in the reappearance of the dead and miraculous interposition, and come then to the Druid fathers of the English race with their sacred rites, and if these nations are to be rejected as heathenish we have details of miraculous power preserved in the records of the Catholic church—not stories of bleeding pictures, or winking virgins and such trash, but solid straightforward testimony of unassuming individuals who generation after generation have attested the existence of supernatural powers and divine answers to prayer. To these may be added the evidence of the persecuted Waldensian church, which hid away in the mountains, maintained a belief for generations in the existence of supernatural gifts; and, although up to this point we have but partially explored this vast subject, it will be seen that national and individual history bristles with declarations of the existence of the invisible powers which for good and evil have affected mankind.

It may be very correctly argued that the statements of many of these nations are exaggerated, mystified, and in many cases clearly fabulous; but all this admitted, it is impossible to believe that the whole of this combined testimony is a standing lie in which

all nations have unconsciously combined to deceive themselves and the world at large. When the whole current of a world's instincts are found to go one way, it is a clear demonstration that the Creator wishes to encourage the faith to which these instincts tend—a thing which it is incredible that He should do, unless it pointed to a grand and eternal truth.

OLD AND NEW SYSTEMS OF TEACHING VOCAL MUSIC.

BY PROFESSOR JNO. TULLIDGE.

No. IV.

REVIEW OF MR. HULLAH'S SYSTEM.

I have examined Mr. Hullah's manual with the view of giving your readers a brief review of that gentleman's system. But before I begin, I will here observe that an inexperienced teacher can do nothing effectually with a good system, while an experienced musician can do much with a bad one; hence Mr. Hullah's success.

The first chapter in this method opens with the major model scale, and the trumpet sounds of Do, Mi, Sol, and the octave Do are introduced. This would have been a proper order of form had the remaining portion of intervals, La, Fa, Re and Si followed this progression. But those latter intervals are left for after consideration.

Mr. Hullah then gives us a diagramic ladder to illustrate the five long and two short steps contained in the diatonic octave. This ladder is not used for teaching intervalic sound, but merely to illustrate the two semitones in the major model scale.

In chapter 2nd the names and shape of all the notes are introduced, which is far from a good progression

In chapter 3rd the notes on the five lines and four spaces are illustrated by the use of the hand, as follows, in the G clef.

The 4th finger represents the first line E. The 3rd the second line G. The 2nd finger the 3rd line B. The 1st finger the 4th line D. The thumb the 5th line F. The first space between the 4th and 3rd finger represents the F. Between the 3rd and 2nd is found the A. Between the 2nd and 1st is found the C, and between the 1st and thumb is found the octave of the bottom F, in the first space.

On account of its excellence I have adopted from Mr. Hullah's system the same method for my own teaching, and recommend its use to others.

Chapter 4th introduces time beating, and in this Mr. Hullah's method is superior to the old one. This gem of practice I also recommend for general adoption. I invariably use it myself.

Mr. Hullah's method is as follows—down, left, right, up. The down beat points to the principal accent, and the right beat marks the second accent. The old system was down and up; the down beat pointing only to the principal accent, and frequently the second accent was passed over without notice.

In the 5th chapter time beating is carried into simple hand practice; marking the time of the various notes.

This is bad progression, as the simple form is lost by having too many notes to contend with at one time, preventing the pupil from retaining the whole form in his mind.

In the next chapter dotted notes are explained and carried into practice in the four beat measure. The dot in this form is used too quickly for lucid illustration.

The former six chapters are all dry study of theory without amusement, as using the vocal organ is left out till we come to the 7th chapter, where Mr. Hullah introduces his first vocal exercise; and where also the gradations of the *piano, pianissimo, forte* and *fortissimo* are pointed out.

In this same portion of the manual the harmonic combination of the major triad, Do, Mi, Sol, Do is explained in theory. This is sadly out of form.

We now come to chapter 8th. Here Mr. Hullah takes his pupils to the full practice on the vocal organ. His first examples are the movement of seconds, amounting to ten in number.

The following chapters, up to the 17th, are employed in the practice of the intervals thirds, fourths and fifths with the same method, in which also are given 24 examples on the interval of the 5th, with the addition of the quaver. The intervals of the 6th, 7th and 8th are gone through with the same form of teaching, and this ends the first course without a change of key.

The waste of time occasioned by the bad progressions and forms of practice is immense, and very little amusement is afforded to the pupil for his study and labor. Having gone through but one key, with so many examples, we can easily understand the trouble in passing through the remaining six keys by the same method.

I will now explain what I think to be the best order of study.

There are but two great points required to make good sight readers, namely, a correct knowledge of intervalic sound, and a knowledge of time in the various modes.

The sounding of intervals should be first acquired by the use of a diagramic ladder, with the seven letters C, D, E, F, G, A, B and C, the octave marking the *solfeggio;* thus C is do, D is re, E is mi, F is fa, G is sol, A is la, B is si, and the upper C is the octave do.

After the correct sounding of the intervals are obtained, the hand should be used—as I have explained for the old notation. This is soon acquired by the practice of sounding the intervals on the diagramic ladder, with the seven letters used in music.

The first examples should be composed with the four beat crotchet in a measure, using the *diatonic* octave and the skipping intervals. The same form of examples—with different melodies—should be carried through the remaining six moveable keys.

With the introduction of each key a new diagramic ladder should be used. Modulation to the different keys must then be studied, and finally examples should be introduced in the minor model scale.

By this form pupils with common capacity can be made good sight readers in Psalmody and easy anthems in forty-eight lessons.

NOTICE.—Our agents and friends will much oblige us by announcing to their acquaintances in the settlements that any persons wishing to obtain the UTAH MAGAZINE and unable to pay for it until after harvest, will have it forwarded to them upon their writing to say that they will pay for it at that period in produce at the usual cash rates.

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT.

[CONTINUED]

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Wardlaw went to his son, and nursed him. He kept the newspapers from him, and on his fever abating, had him conveyed by easy stages to the seaside, and then sent him abroad.

The young man obeyed in gloomy silence. He never asked after Robert Penfold, now; never mentioned his name. He seemed, somehow, thankful to be controlled mind and body.

But, before he had been abroad a month, he wrote for leave to return home and throw himself into business.

There was, for once, a nervous impatience in his letters, and his father, who pitied him deeply, and was more than ever inclined to reward and indulge him, yielded readily enough; and, on his arrival, signed the partnership deed, and Polonius-like, gave him much good counsel, and then retired to his country seat.

At first he used to run up and down every three days, and examine the day-book and ledger, and advise his junior; but these visits soon became fewer, and at last he did little more than correspond occasionally.

Arthur Wardlaw held the reins, and easily paid his Oxford debts out of the assets of the firm. Not being happy in his mind he threw himself into commerce with feverish zeal, and very soon extended the operations of the house.

One of his first acts of authority was to send for Michael Penfold into his room.

Now poor old Michael, ever since his son's misfortune, as he called it, had crept to his desk like a culprit, expecting every day to be discharged. When he received this summons he gave a sigh and went slowly to the young merchant.

Arthur Wardlaw looked up at his entrance, then looked down again, and said coldly, "Mr. Penfold, you have been a faithful servant to us many years; I raise your salary £50 a year, and you will keep the ledger."

The old man was dumbfounded at first, and then began to give vent to his surprise and gratitude; but Wardlaw cut him short, almost fiercely.

"There, there, there," said he, without raising his eyes, "let me hear no more about it, and, above all, never speak to me of that cursed business. It was no fault of yours, nor mine neither. There—go—I want no thanks. Do you hear? leave me, Mr. Penfold, if you please."

The old man bowed low and retired, wondering much at his employer's goodness, and a little at his irritability.

Wardlaw junior's whole soul was given to business night and day, and he soon became known for a very ambitious and rising merchant.

But, by and by, ambition had to encounter a rival in his heart. He fell in love; deeply in love; and with a worthy object.

The young lady was the daughter of a distinguished officer, whose merits were universally recognized, but not rewarded in proportion.

Wardlaw's suit was favorably received by the father, and the daughter gradually yielded to an attachment, the warmth, sincerity, and singleness of which were manifest; and the pair would have been married, but for the circumstance that her father (partly through Wardlaw's influence by the by) had obtained a lucrative post abroad, which it suited his means to accept, at all events for a time. He was a widower, and his daughter could not let him go alone.

This temporary separation, if it postponed a marriage, led naturally to a solemn engagement; and Arthur Wardlaw enjoyed the happiness of writing and receiving affectionate letters by every foreign post.

Love, worthily bestowed, shed its balm upon his heart, and, under its soft but powerful charm, he grew tranquil and complacent, and his character and temper seemed to improve. Such virtue is there in a pure attachment.

Meanwhile the extent of his operations alarmed old Penfold; but he soon reasoned that worthy down with overpowering conclusions and superior smiles.

He had been three years the ruling spirit of Wardlaw and Son, when some curious events took place in another hemisphere; and in these events, which we are now to relate, Arthur Wardlaw was more nearly interested than may appear at first sight.

Robert Penfold, in due course, applied to Lieutenant-General Rolleston for a t cket of leave. That functionary thought the application premature, the crime being so grave.

He complained that the system had become too lax, and for his part he seldom gave a ticket of leave until some suitable occupation was provided for the applicant. "Will anybody take you as a clerk? If so—I'll see about it."

Robert Penfold could find nobody to take him into a post of confidence all at once, and wrote the General an eloquent letter, begging hard to be allowed to labor with his hands.

Fortunately, General Rolleston's gardener had just turned him off, so he offered the post to his eloquent correspondent, remarking that he did not much mind employing a ticket of leave man himself, though he was resolved to protect his neighbors from their relapses.

The convict then came to General Rolleston, and begged leave to enter on his duties under the name of James Seaton. At that General Rolleston hem'd and haw'd, and took a note. But his final decision was as follows: "If you really mean to change your character, why the name you have disgraced might hang around your neck. Well, I'll give you every chance. But," said this old warrior, suddenly compressing his resolute lips a little, "if you go a yard off the straight path now, look for no mercy—Jemmy Seaton."

So the convict was re-christened at the tail of a threat, and let loose among the warrior's tulips.

His appearance was changed as effectually as his name. Even before he was Seatoned he had grown a silky mustache and beard of singular length and beauty; and what with these and his working-man's clothes, and his cheeks and neck tanned by the sun, our readers would never have recognized in this hale, bearded laborer the pale prisoner that had trembled, raged, wept and submitted in the dock of the Central Criminal Court.

Our Universities cure men of doing things by halves, be the things mental or muscular; so Seaton gardened much more zealously than his plebean predecessor; up at five, and did not leave till eight.

But he was unpopular in the kitchen—because he was always out of it; taciturn and bitter, he shunned his fellow-servants.

Yet working among the flowers did him good; these his pretty companions and nurselings had no vices.

One day, as he was rolling the grass upon the lawn, he heard a soft rustle at some distance, and looking round, saw a young lady on the gravel path, whose calm but bright face, coming so suddenly, literally dazzled him.

She had a clear cheek blooming with exercise, rich, brown hair, smooth, glossy, and abundant, and a very light hazel eye, of singular beauty and serenity. She glided along, tranquil as a goddess, smote him with beauty and perfume, and left him staring after her receding figure, which was, in its way, as captivating as her face.

She was walking up and down for exercise, briskly, but without effort.

Once she passed within a few yards of him, and he touched his hat to her. She inclined her head gently, but her eyes did not rest an instant on her gardener; and so she passed and repassed, unconsciously sawing this solitary heart with soft but penetrating thrills.

At last she went indoors to luncheon, and the lawn seemed to miss the light music of her rustling dress, and the sunshine of her presence, and there was a painful void; but that passed, and a certain sense of happiness stole over James Seaton—an unreasonable joy, that often runs before folly and trouble.

The young lady was Helen Rolleston, just returned home from a visit.

She walked in the garden every day, and Seaton watched her, and peeped at her, unseen, behind trees and bushes. He fed his eyes and his heart upon her, and, by degrees, she became the sun of his solitary existence. It was madness; but its first effect was not unwholesome.

The daily study of this creature, who, though by no means the angel he took her for, was at all events a pure and virtuous woman, soothed his sore heart, and counteracted the demoralising influences of his late companions. Every day he drank deeper of an insane, but purifying and elevating passion.

He avoided the kitchen still more; and that, by the by, was unlucky; for there he could have learned something about Miss Helen Rolleston, that would have warned him to keep at the other end of the garden, whenever that charming face and form glided to and fro amongst the minor flowers.

A beautiful face fires our imagination, and we see higher vir-

tue and intelligence in it, than we can detect in its owner's head or heart when we descend to calm inspection.

James Seaton gazed on Miss Rolleston day after day, at so respectful a distance, that she became his goddess. If a day passed without his seeing her, he was dejected. When she was behind her time, he was restless, anxious, and his work distasteful; and then, when she came out at last, he thrilled all over, and the lawn, aye, the world itself, seemed to fill with sunshine.

His adoration, timid by its own nature, was doubly so by reason of his fallen and hopeless condition. He cut nosegays for her; but gave them to her maid Wilson for her. He had not the courage to offer them to herself.

One evening, as he went home, a man addressed him familiarly, but in a low voice. Seaton looked at him attentively, and recognised him at last. It was a convict called Butt, who had come over in the ship with him. The man offered him a glass of ale; Seaton declined it. Butt, a very clever rogue, seemed hurt: so then Seaton assented reluctantly, Butt took him to a public-house in a narrow street, and into a private room. Seaton started as soon as he entered, for there sat two repulsive ruffians, and, by a look that passed rapidly between them and Butt, he saw plainly they were waiting for him. He felt nervous; the place was so uncouth and dark, the faces so villanous.

However, they invited him to sit down, roughly, but with an air of good fellowship, and very soon opened their business over their ale.

We are all bound to assist our fellow-creatures, when it can be done without trouble; and what they asked of him was a simple act of courtesy, such as in their opinion no man worthy of the name could deny to his fellow. It was to give General Rolleston's watch-dog a piece of prepared meat upon a certain evening; and in return for this trifling civility, they were generous enough to offer him a full share of any light valuables they might find in the General's house.

Seaton trembled, and put his face in his hands a moment. "I cannot do it," said he.

"Why not?"

"He has been too good to me."

A coarse laugh of derision greeted this argument; it seemed so irrelevant to these pure egotists.

Seaton, however, persisted, and on that one of the men got up and stood before the door, and drew his knife gently.

Seaton glanced his eyes around in search of a weapon, and turned pale.

"Do you mean to split on us mate?" said one of the ruffians in front of him.

"No, I don't. But I won't rob my benefactor; you shall kill me first."

And with that he darted to the fireplace, and in a moment the poker was high in the air, and the way he squared his shoulders and stood ready to hit to the on, or cut to the off, was a caution.

"Come, drop that," said Butt, grimly; "and put up YOUR knife, Bob. "Can't a pal be out of a job, and yet not split on them that is in it!"

"Why should I split?" said Robert Penfold. "Has the law been a friend to me? But I won't rob my benefactor—and his daughter."

"That is square enough," said Butt. "Why, pals, there are other cribs to be cracked besides this old bloke's. Finish the ale, mate, and part friends."

"If you will promise me to 'crack some other crib,' and let that one alone."

A sullen assent was given, and Seaton drank their healths, and walked away.

Butt followed him soon after, and affected to side with him, and intimated that he himself was capable of not robbing a man's house who had been good to him, or to a pal of his. Indeed this plausible person said so much, and his sullen comrades had said so little, that Seaton, rendered keen and anxious by love, invested his savings in a Colt's revolver and ammunition.

He did not stop there; after the hint about the watch-dog, he would trust that faithful but too carnivorous animal; he brought his blankets into the little tool-house, and lay there every night in a sort of dog's sleep. This tool-house was erected in a little back garden, separated from the lawn only by some young trees in single file.

Now Miss Rolleston's window looked out upon the lawn, so so that Seaton's watchtower was not many yards from it; then, as the tool-house was only lighted only from above, he bored a hole in the wooden structure, and through this he watched, and slept, and watched.

He used to sit studying theology by a farthing rushlight till the lady's bedtime, and then he watched for her shadow. If it appeared for a few moments on the blind, he gave a sigh of content, and went to sleep, but awaked every now and then to see that all was well.

After a few nights, his alarms naturally ceased, but his love increased, fed now from this new source, the sweet sense of being the secret protector of her he adored.

Meantime, Miss Rolleston's lady's maid, Wilson, fell in love with him after her fashion; she had taken a fancy to his face at once, and he had encouraged her a little, unintentionally; for he brought the nosegays to her, and listened complacently to her gossip, for the sake of the few words she let fall now and then about her mistress. As he never exchanged two sentences at a time with any other servant, this flattered Sarah Wilson, and she soon began to meet and and accost him oftener, and in cherrier-colored ribbons, than he could stand. So then he showed impatience, and then, she judging him by herself, suspected some vulgar rival.

Suspicion soon bred jealousy, jealousy vigilance, and vigilance detection.

Her first discovery was; that so long as she talked of Miss Helen Rolleston, she was always welcome; her second was, that Seaton slept in the tool-house.

She was not romantic enough to connect her two discoveries together. They lay apart in her mind, until circumstances we are about to relate supplied a connecting link.

One Thursday evening James Seaton's goddess sat alone with her papa, and—being a young lady of fair abilities, who had gone through her course of music and other studies, taught brainlessly, and who was now going through a course of monotonous pleasures, and had not accumulated any great store of mental resources—she was listless and languid, and would have yawned forty times in her papa's face, only she was too well-bred. She always turned her head away when it came, and either suppressed it, or else hid it with a lovely white hand. At last, as she was a good girl, she blushed at her behavior, and roused herself up, and said she, "Papa, shall I play you the new quadrilles?"

Papa gave a start and a shake, and said, with well-feigned vehemence, "Ay, do, my dear," and so composed himself—to listen; and Helen sat down and played the quadrilles.

The composer had taken immortal melodies, some gay, some sad, and had robbed them of their distinctive character, and hashed them till they were all one monotonous rattle. But General Rolleston was little the worse for all this. As Apollo saved Horace from hearing a poetaster's rhymes, so did Somnus, another beneficent little deity, rescue our warrior from his daughter's music.

She was neither angry nor surprised. A delicious smile illumined her face directly; she crept to him on tiptoe, and bestowed a kiss, light as a zephyr, on his gray head And, in truth, the bending attitude of this supple figure, clad in snowy muslin, the virginal face and light hazel eye beaming love and reverence, and the airy kiss, had something angelic.

She took her candle, and glided up to her bed-room. And, the moment she got there, and could gratify her somnolence without offence, need we say she became wide awake?

She sat down, and wrote long letters to three other young ladies, gushing affection, asking questions of the kind nobody replies to, painting with a young lady's colors, the male being to whom she was shortly to be married, wishing her dear friends a like demigod, if perchance earth contained two; and so to the last new bonnet and preacher.

She sat over her paper till one o'clock, and Seaton watched and adored her shadow.

When she had done writing, she opened her window and looked out upon the night. She lifted those wonderful hazel eyes towards the stars, and her watcher might well be pardoned if he saw in her a celestial being looking up from an earthly resting-place towards her native sky.

At two o'clock she was in bed, but not asleep. She lay calmly gazing at the Southern Cross, and other lovely stars shining with vivid, but chaste fire in the purple vault of heaven.

While thus employed she heard a slight sound outside that made her turn her eyes towards a young tree near her window. Its top branches were waving a good deal, though there was not a breath stirring. This struck her as curious, very curious.

Whilst she wondered, suddenly an arm and a hand came in sight, and after them the whole figure of a man, going up a tree.

Helen sat up now, glaring with terror, and was so paralyzed she did not utter a sound.

About a foot below her window was a lead flat that roofed the bay window below. It covered an area of several feet, and the man sprang on to it with perfect ease from the tree. Helen shrieked with terror. At that very instant there was a flash, a pistol-shot, and the man's arms went whirling, and he staggered and fell over the edge of the flat, and struck the grass below with a heavy thud.

Shots and blows followed, and all the sounds of a bloody struggle rung in Helen's ears as she flung herself screaming from the bed and darted to the door. She ran and clung quivering to her sleepy maid, Wilson The house was alarmed, lights flashed, footsteps pattered, there was universal commotion.

General Rolleston soon learned his daughter's story from Wilson, and aroused his male servants, one of whom was an old soldier.

They searched the house first, but no entrance had been effected; so they went out on to the lawn with blunderbuss and pistol.

They found a man lying on his back at the foot of the bay window.

They pounced on him, and to their amazement, it was the gardener, James Seaton, insensible.

General Rolleston was quite taken aback for a moment. Then he was sorry. But after a little reflection he said very sternly, "Carry the blackguard in-doors; and run for an officer."

Seaton was taken into the hall, and laid flat on the floor.

All the servants gathered about him, brimful of curiosity, and the female ones began to speak altogether; but General Rolleston told them sharply to hold their tongues, and to retire behind the man. "Somebody sprinkle him with cold water," said he, "and be quiet all of you, and keep out of sight while I examine him."

He stood before the insensible figure with his arms folded, amidst a dead silence, broken only by the stifled sobs of Sarah Wilson, and of a sociable housemaid who cried with her for company.

And now Seaton began to writhe and show signs of returning sense.

Next he moaned piteously, and sighed. But General Rolleston could not pity him; he waited grimly for returning consciousness, to subject him to a merciless interrogatory.

He waited just one second too long. He had to answer a question instead of putting one.

The judgment is the last faculty a man recovers when emerging from insensibility; and Seaton, seeing the General standing before him, stretched out his hands, and said, in a faint but earnest voice, before eleven witnesses, "Is she safe? O, is she safe?"

[TO BE CONTINUED]

CUSTOMS OF ABYSSINIA.

Owing to a remarkable fashion in Abyssinia it is difficult, in the midst of the rainy season, to approach the capital, because of the crowds of vagrants provided, maintained and paid, whose sole business it is to cry and lament as if they had really been very much injured and oppressed. These boisterous appeals for the royal protection, they will tell you, are intended to honor and glorify the King, and in order that he may not feel lonely by the palace being too quiet.

This curious custom was the source of great annoyance to Bruce, who had in a truly remarkable manner conformed to the habits and prejudices of the Abyssinians. This adventurous traveller was treated with the most profound respect by the generality of those with whom he came in contact. Kingly honors were frequently paid to him, and with the honors he had sometimes to submit to the annoyances of royalty. At times during the rainy season there would be four or five hundred people around his residence, who all at once would begin some roaring and crying, as if they were in excruciating anguish; others praying piteously for justice, as if they were that moment suffering from the cruelty of the oppressor; and others groaning and sobbing, as if just expiring; "and this horrid symphony was so artfully performed, that no ear could distinguish but that it proceeded from real distress"

Bruce was sometimes so surprised and affected, that he ordered one of the soldiers appointed to attend on him to bring some of the shrieking and howling impostors at his door or window into his presence, that he might ascertain what they wanted or who had maltreated them. Sometimes it happened that the interrogated "howler" was a discharged servant of his own, or some other conspicuous person. At other times the blatant petitioner for justice was found to be a perfect stranger, who, when questioned as to the cause of his complaint, would quite composedly reply, "Nothing is the matter with me. I have been sleeping all day with the horses, and hearing from the soldiers at the door that the illustrious lord from the west had retired to his apartments, I and my companions have come to cry and make a noise under his window, to do him honor before the people, for fear he should be melancholy by being too quiet when alone. I therefore hope that he will order us some drink, that we may continue our vociferations with a little more spirit."

These uncalled for attentions frequently put Bruce into a violent passion, a circumstance at which the King, who was used to such acts of homage, would laugh heartily when related to him.

Many of the customs of the Abyssinian monarchs and people are identical with those of the ancient Persians. Whenever the Persian monarch went to war, he made an appeal to his subordinate chiefs just in the same manner as the Abyssinian monarch. Before the Abyssinian monarch marches to battle, he issues three proclamations. The first is, "Buy your mules, get provisions, and pay your servants; for after such a day they that seek me here shall not find me."

The second proclamation is issued in about a week after the first; it is, "Cut down the kantuffa in the four quarters of the world, for I do not know whither I am going." (The kantuffa is a terrible thorn, which very much molests the King and his nobility in their march, by taking hold of their long hair and the cotton cloth they are wrapped in.)

The third and final proclamation is, "I am encamped upon the Angrab or Kahha (or whatever the name of the stream may be). He that does not join me there, I will chastise for seven years."

The Persian, like the Abyssinian monarchs, wore their hair long.

That symbol of royalty, the diadem, was composed of the same materials in Persia and Abyssinia. In the latter country the king wears it while marching, as a mark of sovereignty. In olden times, the king of Abyssinia sat upon a golden throne, which in shape, was a large, comfortable, oblong, square seat, like a small bedstead, covered with Persian carpets, damask, and cloth of gold, with steps leading up to it. The Abyssinian throne is still richly gilded; but the many revolutions and wars that have ravaged the country have dimmed much of the former splendor of the monarchs. It is high treason to sit upon any seat of the King's and whoever presumed to do so would be instantly hewn to pieces, if there should not be some other collateral proof of his being a madman.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

TO CAUSE WATER TO BOIL BY THE APPLICATION OF COLD, AND TO CEASE TO BOIL BY THE APPLICATION OF HEAT.

Half fill a bottle with water, place it over a lamp, and let it boil briskly for a few minutes; then cork the bottle as expeditiously as possible, and tie a slip of moist bladder over the cork to exclude the air; the water, being now removed from the lamp, will keep boiling, and when the ebullition ceases, the boiling may be renewed by wrapping round the empty part of the flask a cloth wetted with cold water; but if hot water be applied, the boiling instantly ceases; in this manner ebullition may be renewed and made again to cease alternately, by the mere application of hot water.

LADIES' TABLE.

DAISY CROCHET LACE.

J. L. Barber & Co.'s Prize Crochet Thread, No. 24.

12 chain, join on third stitch, 1 treble, 3 chain. 1 treble in round loop nine times, cross over, 1 double chain, 4 treble, 1 double chain in each 3 chain, 21 chain, miss 11, join round, work as first pattern, joining second 4 treble to eighth 4 treble of first pattern.

FOR TOP.

1 treble on ninth 4 treble, 2 chain, 1 treble between the points, 2 chain, 1 treble on next point, 2 chain, 1 treble on chain, 2 chain, miss 2, 1 treble on chain, 2 chain, repeat to the end.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE.—Correspondence is invited from our friends.

A WORKER.—We know no reason why a milliner should not make an excellent wife. Millinery does not necessarily pander to vanity or display. Properly applied, the art serves but to cultivate that love of the beautiful for which women as a class are so much more distinguished than men. The very foibles such as love of dress, &c., in women, are means by which the Creator manages to constitute them attractive to man. Men love dress quite enough, but their taste in this direction will not compare with that of the softer sex. Man has his own proper qualities; let him be satisfied.

MEDICAL.—We cannot say exactly, but about 12 pounds of blood per minute are said to pass through the heart. You will say, doubtless, that for such a big operation, it has a very quiet way of accomplishing the task; and so it has.

DOMESTICUS.—It is supposed that without salt mankind would miserably perish. Saltless food is said to engender maggots and corruption. The reason why we crave salt is because "upwards of half the saline matter of the blood consists of common salt. As a portion of this is being discharged daily through the skin and kidneys, it has to be replenished in our daily food."

A YOUNG GARDENER.—The following, in answer to a question respecting the proper treatment of rose bushes, &c, is from the pen of G. D. Watt, Esq.:

"The best rose bushes are those which grow upon their roots; they are not so much inclined to send out suckers, as the wild rose, when used for stocks. The rose can be multiplied by layers and cuttings. Rose bushes should be cut back to give vigor to every branch, and when a bud appears out of place it should be rubbed off; this will give a fine, healthy, luxuriant growth to the limbs and shoots which are permitted to grow. Annual pruning should never be neglected, cutting back say two-thirds of last year's growth until the bush presents a multitude of spurs, and when in bloom appears to be one massive rose. Prune after the leaves have fallen in the fall, or early in spring. Climbers can be trained to take any form by judicious pruning and training, and can be made a cheap and beautiful covering to objects that would be otherwise unsightly. Like the bush rose the climber requires proper culture, and unremitting attention to produce a fine effect. A deep gravelly loam well worked and enriched, will make wood in great abundance, and if the growth is kept within bounds by pruning, flowers will be very abundant.

"Espalier training answers well in countries on the sea-board where the atmosphere is moist and rains are frequent, but in this dry atmosphere, and under the scorching rays of our sun, espalliering will be very likely to disappoint the expectations of the gardener.

"All flower roots are benefited in this country by a little covering, especially when the snow does not lie on the ground; a slight covering of very rotten manure not only preserves the roots from the bad effects of freezing and thawing, but also enriches the soil around the plant."

A CRITIC should not censure ladies for being nervous Nervousness is an indication of delicacy and mental development, although perhaps to an extreme. The clodhopper has no nerves. A highly intellectual person can suffer more from toothache or any pain of that sort, than a less cultivated person. It is one of the facts of a high state of refinement that you can both enjoy more and suffer more.

LESSONS IN GEOLOGY.—No. 11.

Suppose a student in geology to be traveling along a sedimentary rock for some distance, after walking a while along this rock he comes to one of a different mineral character, and may be in difficulty to account for it. As he walks over, or passes alongside of it, he may not be able to understand the causes of this difference until he has passed completely by it. Here we will suppose he comes upon a patch of Plutonic rock composed of say granite or porphyry, evidently of igneous origin. He goes over or by the side of this Plutonic rock till he again comes to some sedimentary rock similar to that which he had left a short time before. He now conjectures, and then reasons out the conclusion that the patch of questionable rock he had passed is a portion of the sedimentary bed that had first been altered by heat and then tilted up by the Plutonic rock in some of its eruptions. He now argues with perfect certainty that could he follow this eruptive or Plutonic rock down to its depth or origin, he would find it to be continuous to the heated reservoir beneath the crust of the earth; and secondly, that if in a portion of the sedimentary bed at a distance from the eruptive rock he could sink a pit, he would be sure to come to the altered beds similar in character to the piece that had been tilted up by the plutonic or eruptive rock referred to.

In the lessons already given, I have endeavored to place in your mind the two great principles of Geology: first that the earth's crust is a fabricated article, produced in the laboratory of a stupendous chemistry, according to the fixed laws of a Supreme Contriver and Intelligent maker of the whole; and secondly that the article thus fabricated has been from the beginning, and at successive periods, disturbed, altered, and dislocated by agencies from within itself.

In the course of the lessons which you are now about to enter, you will find how the crust of the earth has been affected and modified by volcanoes, by the waters of seas and rivers, by organic life, by vegetation, by ice and snow, and by other means and agencies.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CARPENTERS.

USEFUL RULES.

The "Carpenter's New Guide" gives the following rules, which will be useful to many—

All bearing timber ought to have a moderate camber, or roundness on the upper side, for till the moisture is dried out, the timber will swag of its own weight.

But then observe, that it is best to truss girders when they are fresh sawn out, for by their drying and shrinking, the trusses become more and more tight.

Also, in fitting down tie-beams upon the wall plates, never make your cocking or cogging too large, nor yet too near the outside of the wall plate, for the grain of the wood being cut across in the tie-beam, the piece that remains upon its end will be apt to split off, but keeping it near the inside will tend to secure it.

Likewise observe, never to make double tenons for bearing uses, such as binding joists, common joists, or purlines; for, in the first place, it very much weakens whatever you frame into, and in the second place, it is a rarity to have a draught to both tenons, that is, to draw both joints close; for the pin in passing through both tenons, if there is a draught in each, will bend so much, that unless it be as tough as wire, it must needs break in driving, and consequently do more hurt than good.

Roofs will be much stronger if the purlines are notched above the principal rafters, than if they are framed into the side of the principals; for by this means, when any weight is applied in the middle of the purline, it cannot bend, being confined by the other rafters; and if it do, the sides of the other rafters must needs bend along with it; consequently it has the strength of all the other rafters sideways added to it.